

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark brown color, framing the central text.

Dr. Kaspbrak

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Dr. Kaspbrak by Foroscha

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Summary:

Richie gets sick and Eddie comes to take care of him.

(Rated Teen for the language)

Dr. Kaspbrak

“Hey guys!” Richie coughed as he strolled up to the gates of school on a Monday morning, his nose running and red, his eyes bloodshot and glossy. It looked like the poor teen hadn’t slept in days despite the fact that they had only seen him on Saturday and he had been in good health.

“Woah. What happened to you?” Stan asked as he opened the doors to the school. Bill and Ben trotting in after him with eyes cast over their shoulders at their friend as he wobbled up the steps.

“Well” Richie began with a smirk “I was up all night with Eddie’s mom”

His joke would have probably been better received if it weren’t for the coughing fit that followed causing his bag to fall off his shoulder and on to the floor. Eddie scrunched up his nose but Richie couldn’t tell if it was because of the joke or because of the choked sounds he was making. When he finally caught some semblance of a breath he looked up through his fogged up glasses and messy hair to see Eddie beside him gently rubbing his back and slinging his bag over his own shoulder.

“Shut up asshole” Eddie growled with a glare but didn’t stop rubbing comforting circles into his back.

“Maybe you should go home Richie” Ben suggested as he readjusted his backpack looking suspiciously guilty. “It’ll probably go away in a day or two”

“Yeah, Richie! M-maybe he’s right” Ben agreed as he reached his locker, twisting so his bag fell to around his arm to face him. He unzipped it and started planning for the days classes.

“Nah! Give me a few minutes and I’ll be ok! Nothing can keep me down!” Richie proclaimed with such enthusiasm that half the hall spared a glance down at him before shaking their heads and going back to what they were doing.

“Richie, don’t be an idiot” Eddie grumbled “If you’re sick you shouldn’t be in school you could-“

“Don’t worry Eds I won’t infect you!” Richie rolled his eyes as he slipped his bag off Eddie’s shoulder and gestured behind his shoulder with his thumb. “I’m gonna hit the bathroom before History! Save me a seat”

The losers watched him attempt to whistle as he walked off but

couldn't keep a tune with the little coughs and sniffles he was making. Stan watched him go as he stood beside Ben.

"Think he's gonna get sick?" He asked in a 'yeah that's exactly what is gonna happen' tone.

The full day Richie would nonchalantly walk about of class to go for a smoke or go to the bathroom but the losers were onto him; they knew he was actually going to the bathroom to either get sick or release the horrible cough he was struggling to hide as he asked the teacher for permission. The teachers must have noticed it too as they didn't question him when he asked to be excused for the 3rd time.

Bill wanted to call Richie's parents for him but part of him knew they would be too busy to come collect him let alone mind him so the losers banded together to mind him during the day without rousing suspicious from Richie. Bill made sure that each teacher knew that Richie was sick but too stubborn to leave (the teachers understood as they knew how strong headed Richie Tozier could be), Stan took notes for Richie in all the classes, Eddie made sure that Richie was actually well enough to continue on with the school day, and Ben was listing all the remedies he took when he had the same illness the previous week.

Finally, during lunch, Richie admitted defeat.

"Ok guys" He groaned as he practically melted in his spot on the bench. His head resting on the cool table surface and the lunch Eddie had laid out for him gently moved to the side so he didn't face plant the sandwich. "You all need to sit down because I have some shocking news.... I might actually be sick..... oh and I had sex with your mom" He weakly gestured to the left, where he presumed Eddie was.

"Gasp" Stan whispered "Someone call the president"

"You do that" Richie sighed.

"Richie" Eddie gently said to his right causing Richie to jump and look at him with bloodshot eyes. "Maybe you should see the nurse"

"Nah" Richie scoffed looking around at all the losers. "Hey wait... where's Bev?"

"She was in first class" Stan shrugged "But she left right after that. She was as bad as you Rich"

"Oh" Eddie frowned "I hope she's ok"

"Well shit what if we all get sick?" Richie coughed.

"We won't, dumbass!" Eddie huffed "You'd have to have swap fluids

with Bev to catch whatever she has” Eddie suddenly didn’t seem so confident even though if anyone knew about bugs or infections it would be Eddie Kaspbrak. His eyes fell to the table and he rolled the bottle of water in his hands a few time before continuing. “You didn’t... did you?”

“Nah Eds I would never cheat on your mom like that” Richie joked with his trademark smirk.

“Wait” Bill said, he eyes narrowing at the sandwich he had in his hands. “How did Bev c-catch what B-Ben had last week?”

Suddenly all eyes, including Richie’s, turned towards Ben who blushed bright red and shrunk under their stare.

“Know s-something, Ben?” Bill asked leaning forward.

“Umm. Well...” The poor loser trailed off “We may.... have kissed.”

“WHAT!?” The four boys yelled, gathering some attention from other tables.

“When?!” Richie gasped, coughing lightly.

“On Saturday” Ben supplied smugly yet not looking at the boys, just smiling down at his lunch like he was still there with her. “I was walking her to the park to meet ye and it kind of just happened”

“Wow” Bill whispered his eyes wide. “D-Dude you kissed Beverly Marsh!” he broke into a grin and held up his hand for a high five which Ben enthusiastically gave.

“Yes, yes!” Richie groaned coughing into his fist “Please celebrate while I die a slow death”

Stan look towards the ceiling with a serious expression and whispered “Wishes do some true” and Richie flipped him off.

As the bell rang and Richie swayed towards his next class, Bill and Ben fangirling behind him, he noticed Eddie frowning at him.

“You ok there Eddie?”

“Yeah” he nodded “Just... why not come over to mine after school?”

Richie blinked. He was surprised that Eddie was this close to him at all being this sick let alone allow him into his house. “I don’t know-“

“I’ll make you soup” Eddie interjected but by the way he turned to look ahead of him Richie had a feeling that it wasn’t a suggestion.

After school Eddie and Richie walked to the Kaspbrak house, Eddie didn’t want Richie to fall off the bike seeing as he couldn’t walk straight without wobbling. They strolled leisurely, well for Richie it was as fast as he could go without getting out of breath, with the bikes on either side of Eddie as he rolled them along. When they arrived Mrs. Kaspbrak wasn’t home so Eddie herded Richie up the

stairs and into his room, making shooing noises as he did so.

“Oh my God- EDS! I’m not a child!” Richie whined as he was handed a pair of PJs he had left behind a few weeks ago.

“Shut up Dumbass” Eddie rolled his eyes “Get changed and then get into bed. I’ll make you soup”

“I didn’t come here to be babied Eddie!” Richie called after him as the smaller teen walked off. He huffed but did as he was told, feeling somewhat joyful at the idea of being taken care of in his weakened state. Once changed, he threw some blankets on the floor and struggled to make a bed for himself and not get so dizzy that he fell over. He had some semblance of a bed made when Eddie walked in with a tall glass of cold water and two little pills.

“What are you doing nimrod?” Eddie asked.

“Well I’m hardly going to be able to rest on a bare floor” Richie stuck out his tongue.

Eddie rolled his eyes and set the pill and water on the nightstand. He then motioned Richie to step back, which Richie did but Eddie kept making him move until he was beside the bed. The smaller teen then gently pulled back the covers and with a gentle nudge Richie was lying on top of the bed.

“Wha- Eddie! I know you want me but I don’t think now is the time”

Richie winked and Eddie blushed with a small glare. Richie laughed as Eddie grumbled and tucked the Trashmouth into his bed. Richie smirked at him from under the covers, only his face visible from where he was cocooned by blankets. He watched as Eddie picked up the water and pills and stood, looking at Richie expectantly.

“Sit up” Eddie sighed.

“But I don’t wanna” Richie replied in a mock child voice “I’m nice and warm”

“Ben said these will help you get better” Eddie smiled, not able to help it. “Come on! Don’t you want to feel better?”

“Well that depends will Doctor Eddie mind me if I’m sick?” Richie winked again.

This time Eddie did laugh but gestured again towards the items “Please?”

Richie sat up and took the pills, placing them on his tongue. His eye twitched at the bitterness they caused before reaching for the drink and taking a large gulp to swallow the pills. He took a few more gulps for good measure and because the cold water felt so refreshing as it poured down his itchy throat.

“Thank you Dr K!” He happily sighed, snuggling down into the sheets once more and looking up at Eddie.

“Whatever dipshit” Eddie smiled and then reached out to Richie’s cheeks. “Wow you’re really hot”

Richie flushed at Eddie, not sure how to react to the boldness so he went with what came easy and said “Isn’t it against the rules to flirt with your patients?”

Eddie went as red as a tomato and pulled back “No, Idiot! I was talking about your temperature!” He yelled and placed his cool hands on Richie’s shiny forehead.

“Sure!” Richie winked again with a smirk.

“Are you developing a twitch?” Eddie sighed, his face still a light pink.

“Buddy! The only twitch is in my pan-” Richie began but the front door opened and both teens heads snapped to the bedroom door as if they could see through it and downstairs to where Mrs. K had presumably walked in.

Richie sighed and took a moment to memorise the warmth he was feeling before making a move to get up. Eddie’s hand shot out to stop him.

“What are you doing?” Eddie hissed.

“Umm leaving?” Richie answered as if it were obvious “Eds, your mom hates me! If she knew I was here at all I’d be out on my ass! Not to mention I’m sick!”

Eddie frowned but gently pushed the taller boy back down. “I’ll talk to mom you just stay here.”

Richie raised his eyebrows but didn’t say a word as Eddie left the room. He was tempted start getting dressed because there was no way he was going to be allowed to stay once Eddie’s mom found out he was sick but he was so damn comfortable. Being taken care of was really nice and if he had to go home there would be no chance of that. He let his eyes drift close and imagined that Eddie’s mom let him stay, Eddie would come back up and rub his hair like his mom used to do when he was sick, and then they would watch tv. In his little dream maybe Eddie would cuddle with him and bring him soup and tell him how he was going to mind him and-

“Richie?”

Richie would have fallen out of bed if it weren’t for the fact he was so wrapped up in the covers. He poked his head through the end of his cocoon and peered out at Eddie. Eddie had a smile on his face, the

same one he had when he first was able to ride his bike. Richie remembered how nervous the kid was, so small and afraid of getting hurt after his mother had filled his head with insecurities. Richie had made fun of him at first but offered to teach Eddie how to ride, it took a while cause Eddie was so concerned with safety that he wouldn't ride unless Richie held onto him as he barely rolled along. Eventually he built up enough courage that he started to peddle and as he peddled faster Richie couldn't keep up and had to let go. Eddie's shrieks of joy as he cycled around was the best sound Richie had ever heard and the smile Eddie gave him as he called for Richie to catch up with him was something he'd never forget.

It was around then he started his crush on Eddie, it was so innocent and small he didn't even realise it until later on.

"So how long do I have before she calls the police?" Richie half smiled saddened at the thought of leaving his own personal Doctor.

"Nope you're staying the night Mr. Tozier" Eddie replied as he walked closer to the bed, tray in hand.

Richie smiled widely at Eddie, relief and happiness swirling inside of him as he sat up fully. "Seriously?"

"Yep!" Eddie nodded resting the tray in his lap as he perched on the edge of his bed. "I brought you some soup"

"Eddie. You are honestly my favourite person" Richie felt his cheeks hurt at his smile.

Eddie hummed as he placed the tray on Richie's lap, still smiling but Richie noticed that the smile no longer reached his eyes.

"Hey Eds, you ok?" He asked, ignoring the painful kick his stomach gave for delaying it food.

"I just- "Eddie began looking everywhere except Richie. He fiddled with his hands before finally looking up at Richie "Wouldn't Bev be your favourite person?"

"What?"

"Because you know... you kissed her."

"WHAT" Richie shouted and then fell into a fit of coughs. Eddie jumped in to grab the tray to stop it from spilling all over Richie and the bed. "What Makes you think ...that?!"

"Richie, I'm not an idiot" Eddie sighed "If Bev got it off Ben because they kissed then- "

"Well I didn't kiss Bev!" Richie yelled.

"Richie- "

"No, no, no, no, no" Richie coughed holding up his hand "I didn't kiss

Bev”

“Then how did you get sick”

“Because we shared a smoke!” Richie confessed. “she kissed Ben BEFORE they met us so if I was stealing puffs from her then...” He trailed off hoping Eddie would figure the ending himself.

Realisation, relief and embarrassment flew across Eddie’s face so fast that it made Richie dizzy. His eyes widened and his face went pink again as his hand flew up to his face to cover his mouth. “Oh god! I’m so sorry I- “

“You thought I would kiss Bev!” Richie laughed “Come on Eddie Spaghetti, one: the spots for that triangle were filled and now it’s obviously been put to rest. And Two!”

Richie stopped at that staring at Eddie in mild concern. “Two: I’m not really into.... Ya know.... The female type”

As much as Richie liked Eddie he hated how slow he was at picking up what he meant by that. It was the longest twenty seconds of Richie’s life as Eddie stared at him blankly before it seemed to click with him.

“Ohhhhhhhhhh” the smaller boy drew out the syllable for a few seconds as he processed the information. “So, you like boys”

“Yes” Richie said quickly as stared ahead with a grim expression.

“Look Eddie... you’re my best friend... I Don’t want to lose you over this so please don’t...” His throat caught in his chest and he felt his eyes grow moist. “Please don’t leave me”

It took Richie so long to realise that Eddie had moved but when he did he found himself with a lapful of Eddie Kaspbrak who had managed to climb into the bed and hug Richie so tightly that the loudmouth felt he would break. He wrapped his arms around Eddie’s waist and buried his face into Eddie’s chest, little hiccups escaping him. When he felt himself calm he looked into Eddie’s eyes that held nothing but kindness and hope.

“Richie, Shit dude” He whispered, his own eyes brimming with tears.

“Richie, I am... I mean me too”

Richie was so taken back, he felt like gravity was gone and he clung to Eddie to keep himself from falling. “Really?”

“Yeah, you dickhead”

“Holy shit Eddie” He whispered “why didn’t you say anything?”

“Probably the same reason you didn’t” Eddie shot back, the defensive tone not masking the vulnerable look on the smaller teen’s face. “I was afraid”

“Of our reaction?”

“No Idiot I don’t care what the others think” Eddie scoffed but after a pointed look he sighed” Ok maybe I do but... you’re different”

“I’m different?” Richie raised his eyebrow at his friend.

“Yeah” Eddie blushed.

Richie smirked, figuring now or never and he looked Eddie straight in the eye. “Is it cause you like me Eds?”

“Don’t call me that” Eddie grumbled but his blush intensified and the fingers clutching Richies shoulders tensed.

“Ahhhh” Richie drew out, struggling not to cough and ruin the moment “You like me”

“So what dick for brains?” Eddie snapped glaring at him but his eyes were glossy with tears. He was so fucking cute right now and all because Richie had called him out on his feelings and God DAMN did Richie want to capture this moment cause he really wanted to keep this in his memory forever.

Richie must have taken too long to reply cause next thing he knew Eddie had a few tears scattered down his cheeks with his lip curling as if armed to sob but Eddie was struggling not to let it out. His chest jumped and heaved and his fingers were now painfully digging into Richies shoulders.

“Hey hey” Richie soothed quickly. “Eddie you don’t have to cry”

Eddie pouted and tried to look pissed but the vulnerable look remained instead and Richie pulled him in for a hug. “Eddie it’s ok I like you too”.

Eddie relaxed into his arms. “Fucker. Why didn’t you say something” He sounded so mad but clung to the sick teen with all he had.

As he asked that question Richie couldn’t help but wonder if he meant just there or if he meant in general and honestly, he didn’t know. He practically loved the teen in his arms and he would give his life for him, has on many occasions put himself in danger for Eddie. He wondered idly: if he’d never gotten sick would he ever have admitted his feeling for the hypochondriac in his arms.

Before he could get too lost in his own mind Eddie shifted and lay next to Richie on the bed, eyes fluttering as he stared at Richie adoringly. Richie moved to lay on his side and face his crush, as well as place the blanket over his mouth so he wasn’t coughing into Eddies face.

Eddie smiled sweetly at him and kissed his forehead lovingly and Richie had never felt so cared for in his life.

Author's Note:

I saw IT twice now and i loved it! I got sick then and i wanted to write some cute fanfiction. I needed some Reddie fluff and i also wanted to see the Losers in highschool growing up and being all adorable.